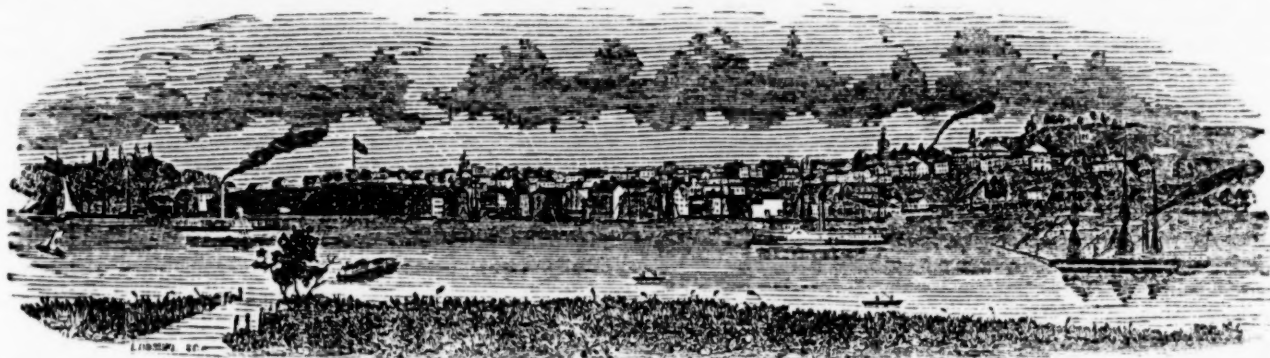


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CAPT. DAMPIER ON ASCENSION ISLAND.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM DAMPIER.

"The Prince of Navigators."—CAPT. BAZIL HALL.

THE accompanying engraving represents Capt. Dampier on the Island of Ascension, watching a flock of goats, for the purpose of discovering fresh water on the Island.

Ascension is situated in the Atlantic Ocean 600 miles north west of St. Helena, in latitude 8 degrees south and longitude 14 degrees west. It is 10 miles in length, and 5 or 6 broad. It is a barren, rocky Island, but abounds with goats and turtles. The latter are very valuable to mariners who in passing, frequently stop and take in a supply of these animals, the flesh of which forms a very delicious and wholesome part of their food. The island exhibits strong marks of its having been of volcanic origin. The beach is composed of snow white shells and sand, from which the rays of a tropical sun are reflected with a dazzling splendor. The interior is a vast table land, 7 miles in circumference, elevated about 50 feet above the beach, and bounded on all sides by black, rugged and cavernous rocks similar to the lava rocks of Vesuvius. The outer verge of this table land, on the corners and projecting points, is studded with conical hills, and tumula of lava in the form of waves. The soil in the centre is a loose, red earth, readily drifted by the winds, like the sands of Arabia. It is supposed to have been the crater of an ancient volcano. There is on the Island one large range of white mountains, which is separated in many places, leaving deep fissures between the craggy cliffs, and investing the scene from the table land with a strikingly wild and romantic prospect. At one place there is a crevice in an overhanging cliff, where letters were deposited, and which is called "the sailor's post office." A peculiar kind of grass grows upon the Island between the cliffs and tumula of lava, from which the goats obtain a scanty subsistence. In a few places, however, between the table land and the shore, the soil is fertile and vegetation luxuriant.

It may be interesting to our readers to introduce in this place a short sketch of the life of Dampier; for while the mind is led back to contemplate the character of the man, we behold as at a glance the characteristics of the age in which he lived; when that mania thirst for gold, like a raging epidemic,

spread its baleful influence over a distracted world. From the time of Fernando Cortez, down to the time of Dampier, "a full round century," the "gold fever" had raged with increasing violence. Nothing in Europe excited half the interest of the "mountains of gold in America." American expeditions, American settlements, American conquests, American gold—all commencing and ending with gold—American gold. This theme lingered on every tongue, and filled every heated brain continually. This *disease of the mind*, like the New England witchcraft mania, or like some mortal contagion, rendered the subject of attack completely desperate; and may probably account for, if not somewhat palliate, the desperate course pursued by our hero; for though he was capable of the blackest crimes, yet he, in his cooler moments, evidently exhibited many traits of a noble mind, and these are an earnest of what he might have been, in a more enlightened age, and under more propitious circumstances.

Capt. Wm. Dampier was born in Somersetshire, England, in 1652. In early life he lost his parents and in his 18th year was bound an apprentice to the captain of a Newfoundland trader. His first voyage was to France; and the next year he sailed with his master to Newfoundland. There the severity of the climate and the excessive hardships he was called upon to endure, made him almost resolve to abandon a maritime life. Soon after his return to England he sailed to the West Indies as a common sailor. With this voyage he was very well pleased. At the age of 21 he served in the Dutch war under Sir Edward Sprague. In two successive engagements he displayed much prompt decision and bravery, but was soon taken sick and compelled to return home. After spending some months with his brother he went to Jamaica and served as under manager of a plantation. Disliking this situation, he next went to Campeachy and as a common laborer engaged in cutting logwood. Of this he also soon became tired, and returned to Jamaica and from thence to England. In 1679 he revisited the West Indies, and was persuaded to join a gang of the Buccaneers, ostensibly English and French, but really from all nations, who under the pretence of cruising against the Spaniards, plundered the vessels of any nations that fell in their way. In April 1680, he with a band of 330 Buccaneers and a troop of subsidized Indians under Capt. Sharp, crossed the Isthmus of Darien in nine days; ravaging the country, as they passed through in search of gold, but found little. When they reached Santa Maria, they sacked the town and obtained considerable booty. With this they now descended the Santa Maria river in Indian Canoes, and entered the gulf of St. Michael, where they captured a Spanish vessel of 30 tons burthen. On the 23d inst. they attacked Panama, took two Spanish ships, and afterwards made many other prizes, deposed Captain Sharp, and appointed Watling captain, and continued during this year roving about the Peruvian coast, making attempts on several towns with various success. It was the next December, that they held their Christmas revel on the Island of Juan Fernandez, and on the 12th January were frightened away by the appearance of three Spanish ships, and left the musquito man William, who belonged to a tribe of Indians, very serviceable to the Buccaneers, on account of bravery. In 1681 he recrossed the Isthmus and joined another band of the Buccaneers, who pursued the same

piratical course. In Nov 1683, the captain under whom Dampier sailed, took a Danish ship of 36 guns victualled for one year; burned his own ship, (the *Revenge*.) and substituted in its place the Danish ship, which they called the "*Bachelor's Delight*." This was done by a stratagem, mean in the extreme and is told by Cowley. Dampier says nothing of it. In this vessel, they, on the 23d of March following, took the musquito man William, off the Island of Juan Fernandez. Some time afterwards they took three slavers, with 1000 negroes on board. Dampier urged the propriety of abandoning their old trade and employing the negroes in the gold mines, but his proposal was overruled. They next made an unsuccessful attempt upon the rich plate fleet, while it was conveying the treasures of Peru to Panama.

In this predatory course Dampier continued till 1688, when he with seven others, landed at Nichobar, in the bay of Bengal, designing to learn the language of the natives and drive a trade in ambergris. Not meeting with their anticipated success they attempted to navigate a small boat to Achin in Sumatra. On the fourth day of this passage, they were overtaken by a storm which threatened them with immediate and certain destruction. They furled sails and gave the vessel up to the elements. "The sky," says Dampier, "looked very black, being wrapped in sable clouds; the winds blew hard, and the sea was lashing in foam around us. A dark night was coming on, and no land to shelter us, and our little bark in danger of being swallowed up by every wave. What gave a deeper tinge to our distress, was the reflection, that none of us was prepared to enter on another state of existence with the confidence of hope. I had encountered many eminent dangers before this, but compared with the present, the worst of them was only a play game. I must confess I was in great perturbation of mind, other distresses came out upon me with such dreadful solemnity. A sudden skirmish or engagement was nothing when the blood was warm and invigorated the heart by the glow of expectation. But here I had a lingering view of impending fate, with little or no hopes of avoiding it. My courage which had hitherto kept me up, now failed me, and I made very sad reflections on my former life, and looked back with horror and detestation on actions which before I could not relish, but at the remembrance of which I now trembled. I had long repented of my roving life; but never with such sincere contrition before." In this forcible manner Dampier describes the whole scene, together with his repentance, &c. They finally surmounted the dangers and arrived at Sumatra. From this cruise he returned to England, in 1691, after having visited many of the East India Islands and circumnavigated the globe.

During the following eight years he seems to have lived in retirement. In 1699 he was appointed to command the *Roebeck*, in which he sailed to the East Indies again; visiting New Holland, New Guinea, New Britain, &c. and on his return round the Cape of Good Hope, in February, 1701, anchored off Ascension Island, where his vessel having sprung a leak, finally foundered. The crew however all reached the Island, where Dampier employed his time in making observations, arranging his manuscripts, &c. until they were brought off by an East Indian ship. In 1703, and 1705 he made other important voyages, and in August, 1708, ac-

companied Captain Woods Rogers as pilot, in his celebrated voyage round the world. It was in this voyage that Alexander Selkirk was rescued from the solitary island of Juan Fernandez. After a tedious cruise of three years two months and a day, they arrived in the Downs, Oct. 2, 1711.

The time of Dampier's death is not known. His writings bear the marks of fidelity, are composed in a vigorous, plain and manly style, and contain many valuable and curious observations. Goldsmith says he added much to natural history; and, in his time, he certainly added much to *nautical* and not a little to *philosophical* knowledge.

J. S. W.

T A L E S.

MURDER WILL OUT.

BY MRS. OPIE.

In the last year of the American war, Colonel Dunbar and Captain Aprece, the former a Scotchman, the latter a native of North Wales, were taken prisoners by a French frigate and carried into Calais, on their way from America. From Calais they were removed to Rouen in Normandy, where they hoped to be prisoners on their parole; but in this respect their expectations were cruelly disappointed, as an Englishman had recently broken his parole, and his countrymen were therefore forced to suffer for his guilt. Consequently, Colonel Dunbar and Captain Aprece vainly protested that they were incapable of following the bad example which their countrymen had set them; no attention was paid to the assurances; and all the indulgence shown to them was, care to accommodate them in the best place of confinement in the city.

The apartments provided for them were really commodious. They had, indeed, only one sitting-room, but they had separate bed-rooms. The only inconvenience was, that as they were at the top of the house, and therefore might have commanded a fine and extensive view, the windows were so high and narrow, that they were as useless to them in point of prospect as a sky-light would have been. However, after a few weeks confinement, they contrived to bribe the jailor, though contrary to orders, to bring them steps, by which they could reach the window and enjoy a view of the surrounding country; and being also indulged with books, the hours of their captivity were less painful than they at first promised to be. But to Dunbar they soon ceased to be painful, and they became productive to him even of delight.

The windows looked immediately on a large field or orchard, walled round, which joined the garden of a nunnery; and in the field, as well as the garden, some of the novices and boarders were allowed to walk; and as the prison was the only building which overlooked the field, the windows were such as to preclude all suspicion that the young ladies would be exposed to the observation of the prisoners. One day while Dunbar was amusing himself with looking at some novices with an excellent telescope which he had brought with him, and like a true John Bull, was flattering his national pride with the idea that there was more true beauty in one of his country women than in all the girls whom he then beheld, one of those striking, interesting figures entered the field, who if once seen, can never be forgotten—one of those figures which lead one immediately to inquire, "Who is she, and whence does she come?" A tall, graceful, fair, blooming

girl met his view; whose full and finely-formed, person seemed to speak her more than twenty; but whose youthful expression, and the lightness of whose motions, had all the winning charms of early youth. This lady, though she wore a long white veil, had no other mark of the dress of a novice; and Dunbar flattered himself that she was only a boarder. He saw, too, or he thought he saw, that the novices paid her great attention, and therefore he concluded she was of rank; but whoever or whatever she was, whether an English-woman, or a French-woman, he soon felt that to gaze on her was rapture; and when she left the field he stood looking at the window still, as if he lived but in the hope of seeing her again.

"I wonder whether Apreece saw her too," thought Dunbar; and though he wished that he might, for one reason—namely, that he might talk of her to him—a feeling resembling jealousy made him hope that he had not seen her, and that the discovered treasure was all his own. However, Apreece had seen her, and had admired her; but he was very indifferent about seeing her again, and could not help bantering Dunbar on falling in love at first sight.

"Indeed," answered Dunbar, "till to-day, I thought love at first sight not only absurd, but impossible."

"I know not whether it be the latter, but am sure it is the former," said Apreece; and Dunbar felt already too much in earnest to bear to expose his feelings to be laughed at by continuing the conversation.

The next day, the following day, and indeed every day for a week together, this fair vision haunted the nunnery field. Sometimes she was there alone, and at those times a pensiveness almost amounting to sadness stole over her soft features, and Dunbar began to fear that she was in love. Who she was, his jailor could not inform him—he only supposed she was "*une jeune dame en pension*;" and Dunbar guessed as much himself; while Apreece rallied Dunbar unmercifully on his romantic passion, and declared that he saw nothing so very captivating in the incognita. "My cousin Mary Cadogan," said he, "would be twice as handsome if she did not squint a little."

"Squint!" exclaimed Dunbar, "can you think of putting a woman who squints in any degree of comparison with my beautiful incognita?"

"Every one to his taste," replied Apreece; "and my cousin Mary is the girl for me; not but what I must own that the incognita has something so striking in her face and person, that if once seen she can never be forgotten: and I should know her again even if I saw her on the top of a Welch mountain. But to own the truth she is too old for me; I dare say she is at least four-and-twenty, and there is a look of intelligence, dignity, and independence about her which will never be in the woman of my choice. I do not like your noun substantive woman, I prefer a noun adjective; I like your little, timid, fearful creatures, that look up to one for protection; fearful souls who scream at sight of a cow—tremble at a flash of lightning—and cannot cross a kennel without help; for it gives one, Dunbar, such a sweet sensation of one's own superiority and importance, to see oneself obliged to offer one's protection to the dear tremblers."

"Indeed!" replied Dunbar, smiling; "I would rather derive the sensations of my own superiority and importance from my own worth—not from a

comparison with the weakness of a trembling woman. I dislike a masculine woman as much as you do; but I confess that I should prefer for my wife a woman not apt to be rendered incapable of conducting herself, or educating her children, by the impulse of ungrounded fears, but one whose habitual fortitude might, if necessary, be capable of supporting mine."

"Well, you may prefer a woman like the oak, if you please; but give me one resembling the ivy."

"O, my friend," cried Dunbar, "beware of these ivy women, they are terrible encroachers! have you not often seen the ivy wind and wind round the trunk of the tree, continually getting higher and higher, till at length it reaches the top of it; and has spread itself so widely round, that the poor tree has become quite invisible, and a seeming nonentity? Even so it is with your ivy or noun adjective women; they gradually wind themselves with seeming humility and submission round a man's will, till at length the poor husband, like the oak above mentioned, is a mere cipher in his family, and the expected tyrant becomes himself a slave where he expected to make one."

"May be so, may be so, but depend on it I will choose a very young wife; one who has not yet learnt to have a will or a preference; I will have one whose mind shall be a sheet of blank paper, in which I, and I only, shall write what I please."

"What a vain fellow you must be, Apreece! How fond you must be of your own mind, to wish your wife's mind to be a mere mirror to reflect yours!"

"Call me what you please," answered Apreece, "but believe me I should delight to hear my wife echoing all my opinions, and modestly adding, 'as Mr. Apreece says.'"

"If this be all you wish to hear, why marry at all? You had better buy a young parrot, and teach it to speak after you. No; give me a rational, thinking, yet modest woman, who must be capable of having an opinion of her own; and who, if she surrenders her will to mine, does it not from imbecility, but tenderness; let her countenance beam with *original* intelligence, self-derived, not borrowed; in short, let her—"

"Be exactly like the incognita," cried Apreece; "and there she is, looking as intelligent and as lofty-minded as any poor foolish man can wish."

She was indeed in sight, and he had soon neither eyes nor ears for anything but herself.

Soon after, Apreece was seized with the symptoms of a fever; and on the third day he was so alarmed for his own safety, that Dunbar promised him he would sit up that night in his own apartment, and be ready to attend his summons at a moment's notice.

He therefore sat up, reading, writing, or meditating, when the first rays of morning shone into his room. "How finely the dawn must appear," thought Dunbar, "gilding the dark towers of the nunnery!" especially as he fancied that nunnery contained the being he so tenderly admired. In an instant the steps were set against the window, and he ascended them. But what words can express the horror and distraction which he felt on beholding the scene which awaited him! The day dawned gloriously, but he saw it not; his eyes were fixed on his incognita, who was kneeling on the ground by the side of a young and well-dressed man to all appearance dead, and newly-murdered, for a stiletto was sticking in his bosom; and this stiletto the incognita plucked from his bleeding breast, then

threw it in a piece of stagnant water beside her. Dunbar scarcely breathed, nay, he was scarcely conscious that he existed; but in motionless horror he stood watching for what was to follow.

The next step taken by the lady, who looked fearfully round as she did it, was to fill the pockets of the deceased with some large, loose stones which lay near her; and then clasping her hands as in agony first, and raising her blue eyes to heaven, she rolled the body into the water, and stood eagerly and anxiously gazing on it as it gradually sunk. At length it disappeared; and, as if she felt relieved by this circumstance, she looked up to heaven again, apparently in thankfulness; and having first carefully, by means of the water, removed every trace of blood from the ground and her own hands, she slowly re-entered the garden, and closed the gate upon her, leaving Dunbar petrified with horror and amazement, and cursing his own miserable fate that had doomed him to be in love with a murderess, for such she could not but appear in his eyes; since, had the young man been a self-murderer, why should she have been so anxious to conceal the horrid deed?

While these dreadful and overwhelming thoughts and suspicions were passing in his mind, and while he felt that if he did not disclose what he had seen, he was an accomplice of the murder, yet he could not prevail on himself to expose the life of his still dear incognita, he heard Apreece's voice desiring him to come to him immediately. He found him dreadfully agitated, and with an expression of horror on his countenance.

"Oh, my dear friend!" cried Apreece, "such a sight have I seen! Oh, that devil in the shape of an angel! Who could have thought it! But I never liked her, and I shall rejoice to bring her to justice."

"What do you mean?" replied Dunbar, turning very pale.

"Why—I felt so suffocated that I got up to the window just now to breathe the air if I could—and there if I did not see your incognita, having just killed a man, roll him into the water to hide what she had done! But by St. David she shan't escape so; for if I do not inform against her, may I never see Wales again!"

A feeling like that of death came over Dunbar as his friend vowed to give up the incognita to justice; and wholly governed by the dictates of passion, he endeavored to convince him, though with little hope of success, that he must have been in a dream.

"A dream, indeed!" replied Apreece; "no, no—you shall not persuade me out of my senses."

These words suggested to Dunbar a means of saving his incognita, whom, though he believed her to have been guilty of murder, he could not bear to see exposed to punishment; for how did he know what provocation the deceased had given her? Perhaps he had murdered her father, or ruined her sister; perhaps she was herself insane. All these excuses for her guilt presented themselves to his mind; and the consequence was, that he artfully replied to all Apreece's expressions of horror, and details of what he had seen, with shrugs of the shoulders, with suppressed laughs, and with earnest requests that he would keep himself quiet, and endeavor to sleep; till at last the irascible Welchman could bear it no longer; but starting up in his bed, and swearing a great oath, he said he would not be treated as if he was mad, when he knew he was as much in his senses as ever he had been in his life.

"Poor soul!" replied Dunbar, shaking his head; and Apreece, undressed as he was, jumped out of bed and vowed that if he persisted in believing him to be in a delirium he would have satisfaction that moment.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" cried Dunbar; "you forget that we have neither swords nor pistols; let me persuade you to go to bed again."

At this moment the jailor, hearing a noise, entered; and in vain did Apreece relate to him what he had seen in the field—for Dunbar hinted to him the deranged state of the relater; on which exclaiming, "*Ah le pauvre homme!*" he paid not the smallest attention to what Apreece said, but declared he would go directly for the surgeon. Apreece immediately began to protest that he was in his perfect senses, and that he would fight any man who said he was not.

"Yes," cried Dunbar maliciously, "he has been challenging me to single combat."

"*Ah le pauvre homme!*" again exclaimed the jailor; and Apreece, provoked beyond bearing, flung a book at his head; on which the terrified Frenchman began calling, "*Diable! La Fleur! Jacques! Victor! vite, vite! venez, venez ici!*" and Dunbar, spite of his distress, could scarcely help laughing at the grotesque appearance of Apreece and the comic expression of fear on the jailor's face as he beheld the threatening looks and attitude of the Welchman, and attributed them to an attack of frenzy.

"Come, come," said Dunbar, "do get into bed; for this violence and this conduct will never convince us that you are in your senses."

"That's true," cried Apreece, beginning to feel himself exhausted by his exertions; and Dunbar, seeing him lie quietly down and look thoughtful, began to hope that he had convinced him he was in a delirium, and that the scene in the garden was merely the fancy of his distempered brain.

"How long have you felt this disorder coming on?" asked Dunbar, with a look of pity.

"Disorder! Why, now, Colonel Dunbar, do you really expect to persuade me that I am mad, and did not see the incognita as I described her?"

"To be sure I do."

"I tell you that I saw her as plain as I see you."

"And how was she dressed?"

"In a hat and feathers, and a fine gay shawl."

"Poor soul!" provokingly muttered Dunbar. "So, then, this lady, whom you and I never saw in any other head-dress than a veil—for, answer me, did you ever see her before dressed in that manner you now mention?"

"No, never—I must own that."

"So, then, this young lady dresses herself up in fine shawls and feathers in the middle of the night, and comes out into a field to commit murder! A likely story, this, indeed. No, my good friend; it is much easier for me to believe that your illness has ended in delirium, than that this wonderful relation of yours should be true."

"I protest, if I don't begin to believe that you are right," said Apreece, after a pause; "I see the incognita in her hat and feathers and shawl, as plainly as if she now stood before me."

"Ah! that's a proof it was fancy; for the image you see, appears as strongly to you now, though you are convinced that it is not before you, as when you fancied that it was."

"Well—really now—I—I am convinced that you are right, and I will not make the deposition which I intended."

Dunbar was so delighted at hearing this, that he could hardly help hugging the dupe that he had made. "Now, then," said he to himself, "she is safe! and may live to repent of her crime, provided, as I see no reason to doubt, she murdered the unhappy man whose body she consigned to the stagnant water."

Here the entrance of the jailor with two of his men, the surgeon and a strait waistcoat, put a stop to any further conversation; and Apreece, rising up in his bed, and seizing the table near him, protested that he would throw it at the first man who should approach him with the infernal waistcoat. Dunbar found it therefore necessary to interfere; and he assured the surgeon that his friend's reason was returned, and that he would answer for his remaining quiet the rest of the night. He then prevailed on Apreece to let the surgeon feel his pulse; who having given it as his opinion that the patient's fever had subsided, Apreece was allowed to take his rest; and Dunbar, having seen him drop asleep, retired to his own apartment.

"So, I have made him think himself insane!" thought Dunbar, as he threw himself into bed. "Scarcely can my motive reconcile me to the consciousness of having been guilty of such gross deceit; but, alas! it is I am the lunatic; for I love, still passionately love, one whom I have reason to think guilty of the crime of murder! one, too, whose name I know not, and never may know, and whom I may never behold again!"

The next day, Dunbar, as usual, watched to behold his incognita; and she appeared in the field dressed in her veil as she had formerly been, and not in the finery of the night before; but her cheek was pale as death, and her eyes heavy; and as she passed by the piece of water, he saw her shudder, and turn up her fine eyes to heaven.

"Apreece!" cried Dunbar, going into his room, "there is the incognita again in her white veil; perhaps she has not such a variety in her wardrobe as your fancy gave her."

"Say no more on that subject, say no more, Dunbar; it is a mysterious business, and time only can clear it up."

Dunbar did not much like this answer, but he resolved to drop the subject.

"But tell me," continued Apreece, "if this incognita had been ugly, instead of handsome, should you have been so very eager to endeavor to convince me that I saw her in a suspicious situation only in a dream?"

Dunbar was so completely taken by surprise, that at first he could not answer; at last, however, he forced himself to reply, that had he not well studied and admired the expression of countenance of the incognita, he could not have been so immediately struck with the impossibility of her guilt; and that had she been ugly, he should probably neither have looked at her, nor been interested in her fate.

"May be so," replied Apreece; "but I firmly believe that had not the incognita been handsome, I should not have been so peremptorily pronounced delirious; however, as I said before, I could swear to her again wherever I saw her."

The succeeding evening Apreece was well enough to sit up, and he was anxious to mount the steps and look out of the window; and Dunbar was preparing to assist him, when, having first mounted the steps himself, he saw the incognita dressed in the remarkable hat and shawl in which

Apreece and he had seen her on the night of the murder. Dunbar instantly felt that if Apreece beheld her in that dress, he would be assured that he had seen her in reality, and not in fancy, and would proceed against her accordingly. But how should he prevent Apreece's getting up the steps without exciting his suspicions? He was desperate; and as no good plan offered itself to his mind, he fixed on a bad one; but luckily it succeeded. He contrived to fall as he descended the steps; and pretending to be very much hurt, he found no difficulty in persuading Apreece that he was unable to help him up the steps, and that it would be dangerous for him to attempt it alone.

But the incognita might come again in her remarkable dress, and he could not always prevent Apreece's seeing her as he had done then; and Dunbar became miserable and anxious, when the joyful news of peace being made reached Rouen, and an exchange of prisoners took place. The news arrived at the prison at a very critical moment for the incognita and Dunbar; for the latter had just seen her in the dress mentioned above, and Apreece was just going to mount the steps in Dunbar's room, in order to look into the field, without his being able to prevent it, when the jailor entered the room, and showed them the order for their release. Apreece in a moment leaped off the steps, and dancing about the room in a transport of joy, exclaimed, "Now I shall see dear little Wales again! and I'll go pack up directly."

"And I shall see Scotland again," thought Dunbar, sighing, "but where, O where, and when shall I see the incognita?" He then hastily ascended the steps, but she was gone; and what excuse could he make for not leaving the prison that evening, that he might watch to see her once more? None. Nor could he hesitate to set off for Scotland immediately, as a letter was brought him, desiring him to proceed directly home, as his father was very ill, and begged to see him before he died. "This then decides the business," cried Dunbar; "go I must; I cannot sacrifice to the indulgence of a mad passion, my duty to the best of fathers! Come, Apreece are you ready?" cried he, entering his room, "for I must go this instant."

"I am sorry to hear that," replied Apreece, "for I can't go for a day or two."

"No!" answered Dunbar, starting and turning very pale; for he did not like to leave Apreece behind him, lest he should, not being quite convinced that what he had described was a feverish dream, make such inquiries in the city, as might lead to the discovery of the incognita's crime. However, he could not prevail on Apreece to accompany him, and he dared not stay for Apreece; therefore, with a heavy heart, he gazed once more on the nunnery field, and, bidding Apreece farewell, set off for the coast.

His suspicions of Apreece were not ill-founded. He intended to stay a day at Rouen, for the purpose of inquiring whether any gentleman had lately disappeared in a mysterious manner; for now he was quite well again, he was not at all disposed to think that he had not seen the horrid scene which he had related. But the result of his inquiries did not throw any light on this mysterious affair. "However, murder will out," said Apreece to himself, "and some time or other the truth of this story will be known; and some day or other, too, I will visit Rouen, if it be only from curiosity to learn something concerning the strange business."

He then returned to Wales, and Dunbar by that time was far on the road towards his paternal seat.

He arrived time enough to see his father alive; but no cares, no assiduity (and Dunbar was exemplary in both,) could prolong his life. He died in a short time after his son's arrival; and Dunbar (now Sir Malcolm Dunbar,) saw himself the independent master of a fine fortune, and a very romantic and beautiful but lonely estate in the Highlands. But, as he tenderly loved his father, he could not bear to remain on a spot where everything reminded him of the loss which he had sustained; he, therefore, set off for England, and went to Brighthelmston, resolved to sail from thence to Dieppe, and proceed to Rouen, in order to make those inquiries which filial duty had forbidden when he was released from his prison there; for the image of the incognita haunted him continually, and the latter was gradually swallowing up even the recollection of his father; when Mrs. Malden, a friend of his in the neighborhood, who saw and pitied his evident dejection, informed him that she should soon be able to introduce him to a young lady whose society would, she trusted, rouse him from the melancholy under which he evidently was laboring.

"Were my melancholy capable of being removed by the society of young ladies," replied Dunbar, "it would have been gone by this time; for what a number of young ladies have I associated with since I have been waiting here for a favorable wind!"

"Yes; every-day young ladies; but the one I mean is, in point of beauty, wisdom, accomplishments, and virtue, the wonder of her sex."

"Indeed! but perhaps her style of beauty may not please me."

"You must be very difficult, indeed, then; but, pray, describe the beauty you most admire."

Dunbar obeyed; and he minutely described the beauty of his incognita.

"I protest," cried Mrs. Malden, "one would imagine you were describing my friend Miss Arundel herself!"

"Indeed! Then I shall certainly look at her," answered Dunbar, sighing deeply, "even if I do not like her."

"And to look at her and not like her is impossible." Here the conversation ended; but it left an impression on Dunbar's mind. He felt the necessity there was for his endeavoring to forget a woman of whom he knew nothing, and was likely to know nothing, and who, he had the strongest reason to believe, had committed an atrocious crime; and he was anxious to see this admirable Miss Arundel, in hopes that her charms might drive the image of the incognita from his breast.

In a day or two after he had the above-mentioned conversation with Mrs. Malden, she told him that Madame Altieri and her daughter were arrived at the house which they had hired near Brighton; and Dunbar learnt that Miss Arundel, who was then about five-and-twenty, was the daughter of Madame Altieri, by her first husband, Mr. Arundel; a man whom, though he was possessed of every charm to excite love, and every virtue to command esteem, she had married against her own consent, and therefore had never loved. That, immediately on his death, she had married a Signor Altieri, an Italian gentleman, whom she had met with in France; and that by him she had one son, Enrico Altieri, on whom she fondly doted, while her daughter, by Mr. Arundel, she regarded with the same cold esteem which she entertained for her

excellent father; and though Enrico's youth had been marked by almost every virtue, it was notorious that Madame Altieri saw nothing to love in Editha, and everything to love in Enrico. Such are sometimes the caprices of parents!—But Madame Altieri saw in her son the image of the husband whom she adored, and whose loss she tenderly bemoaned; and in Editha she saw the exact resemblance of the husband whom she had never loved, and whose death she almost rejoiced at. But Altieri, amidst all his excesses, had some good qualities: and amongst these was the ardent affection which he bore his sister, an affection which Editha as ardently returned. However, he did not choose to reside with his mother and sister, for he had formed nearer and dearer ties; and, at the time of Madame Altieri's taking up her residence near Brighton, he had for some time been residing at Florence.

At length Mrs. Malden fixed a day to receive Madame Altieri and Miss Arundel, and to introduce to them Sir Malcolm Dunbar; but before the day arrived he had heard so many instances related of Miss Arundel's charity, candor, and humanity, that he was very impatient for the arrival of the expected dinner hour; and he hastened to Mrs. Malden's with a mind more awakened to receive pleasure than he had had since he left Rouen.

Half an hour before the time appointed, he arrived at Mrs. Malden's. The ladies were walking in the garden; and as he approached them he saw, with a beating heart, that the lady, whom he concluded to be Miss Arundel, had the height, figure, and air of his incognita; but when she turned round on hearing Mrs. Malden exclaim, "Oh, here is Sir Malcolm Dunbar!" what must have been his sensations to behold in this far-praised Miss Arundel, his incognita herself! Surprise and emotion completely overpowered him; and had he not caught hold of a tree near him, he must have fallen to the ground.

"What is the matter? You are ill, Sir Malcolm," cried Mrs. Malden, hastening to him; while Miss Arundel, giving him a bottle of salts, with a hand of extreme beauty and whiteness, begged him to make use of it, in a voice whose tones went to his soul. He took the salts and gazed at the white hand which held them; but he hastily averted his eyes again, for "oh!" thought he, "have I not seen that lovely hand stained with blood?"

In a few moments recollecting that he could not disclose to any one the cause of his indisposition, he struggled with his feelings, and overcame them; and apologizing to the ladies for the alarm and trouble which he had occasioned them, he offered his arm to Mrs. Malden, and accompanied them into the house, not having yet dared to lift his eyes to Miss Arundel. Nor when they were seated at dinner could he venture to look at her otherwise than by stealth; and Mrs. Malden soon observed that her fair friend had made an impression on Sir Malcolm, but that the expression of his eyes when he looked at her was that of tenderness not unmixed with sadness.

Madame Altieri, in the course of conversation said, "I hear, sir, that you are but just returned from France?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Dunbar, blushing as he spoke.

"You were a prisoner there? In what part of France were you confined, sir?"

"At—at Rouen!" and he trembled and changed color as he said it.

"At Rouen!" exclaimed both the ladies; "we are only just arrived from thence; I wonder we never met you in society there," observed Madame Altieri.

"I was not allowed to go out," but was confined in prison."

"In prison! in what part of the town sir?" said Editha.

"I—really—I can't tell, ma'am," answered Dunbar, afraid of wounding her feelings by talking of the nunnery; and the conversation dropped.

Soon after, Mrs. Malden mentioned a dreadful murder which had been committed by a young lady on a gentleman who had paid his addresses to her, and then married another woman; and Dunbar forgetting himself, instantly stamped on Mrs. Malden's foot to give her a hint not to tell such a story. Mrs. Malden looked at him with the utmost surprise in her countenance; and Dunbar recollecting the absurdity of the action, as he could not inform her why he had done so, apologized for his awkwardness and Mrs. Malden went on with her story.

Dunbar could not help stealing a look at Miss Arundel. She listened without any apparent emotion; and though one story of a murder led to others, her cheek retained its bloom, and she joined in the conversation. But Madame Altieri observed that a German baron, whom she and her daughter knew well, disappeared while she was at Rouen, in a very mysterious manner, and that it was supposed he had been murdered by his servant, who had immediately absconded. During this speech Dunbar again looked at Editha; but her serenity and her bloom were vanished—her cheek and lip were colorless—her eyes cast on the ground, and her countenance was the image of woe.

"Now, then, the right string is touched; but, though guilty, she repents," thought Dunbar, "and I rejoice that I prevented the disclosure of her crime. If Apreece never meets with her, I trust that she is safe from discovery forever."

In a short time the conversation changed to livelier subjects, and Miss Arundel attempted to be cheerful again; but it was only an attempt; and the evening, which had begun with gayety, ended gloomily; for neither Dunbar nor Editha were disposed to talk, and the company separated early.

Such was Mrs. Malden's desire to promote a union between Sir Malcolm and Miss Arundel, as she thought equally well of both parties, that though Dunbar on principle wished to avoid Editha, lest his passion for her should increase so much as to make him capable of overlooking the crime of which he more than suspected her, he could not withstand Mrs. Malden's repeated invitations to make one of parties on the water and on horseback with her beautiful young friend; till Dunbar, more than ever in love with her, and perceiving that his attentions were favorably received by her, found it impossible to struggle with his passion, and he now was continually representing to himself that he did not see Miss Arundel stab the gentleman, therefore he could not be sure that she was the actual murderer; and he had watched her countenance when murder by a female hand was talked of, but he did not observe that she changed countenance, or had the look of conscious guilt. However he had doubts, dreadful doubts and suspicions still, and he resolved that they should, if possible be cleared up, before he owned his attachment to the lovely object of it.

One day, at Mrs. Malden's table a gentleman begged leave to mention the case of a very honest

and industrious cottager and family in the neighborhood, that were reduced to the extreme of wretchedness by the loss of two cows, and having their hay-stack burnt down, while the cottager himself lay ill of a bad fever, and his wife, only just recovered of a dangerous lying-in, was scarcely able to nurse him, and was too poor to procure him better attendance. A subscription for these poor people was proposed immediately, and amply contributed to. But Dunbar was never contented, as many people are, with giving money to the unfortunate on such occasions; he well knew that attention and personal observation are often of as much use as pecuniary aid, and he resolved to rise early the next day and visit the poor sufferers. Accordingly, while most of the young and fashionable were as yet asleep, he rose and set off for the cottage. The door was unbarred; and having given a gentle tap at it, Dunbar ventured to walk in; when the first object whom he beheld was Miss Arundel, with a half-clothed child on her lap, and another standing at her knee playing with her watch, sitting by the bedside of some one who seemed fast asleep.

"Hush!" cried Editha, blushing, smiling, and putting her finger to her lip. She then informed him in a whisper, that the poor woman was gone to procure a nurse for her husband, and that she was to be nurse till her return.

Before Dunbar could answer, the sick man awoke, and Editha, putting the child into Dunbar's arms, arose, and told him she should give him some broth; "for remember," added she, "the doctor says you want sustenance more than medicine."

Immediately she warmed some broth on the fire, and supporting the head of the invalid, made him swallow it; then, having settled his pillow for him, she left him to compose himself to sleep again; and turning to Dunbar, who was nursing the child to the best of his ability, she laughed, and told him he was not so awkward as she expected.

"You seem to be quite at home here," replied he, "as well as in the business of nursing. May I ask how long you have been acquainted in this cottage?"

"Some hours now."

"I thought not more; for when the subscription was set on foot, you seemed a stranger to the objects of it."

"True; but by the feelings which led you hither so early, you know, it was impossible for me to remain so; for the poor man was said to be in a bad fever, with a sick wife, and not able to procure either help or sustenance. I own it did my heart good to see the readiness with which a large sum was instantly subscribed, while the gentleman whose eloquence had succeeded so well yesterday meant to try the effect of it to-day; but then, thought I, while the golden harvest is reaping, what may become of the poor invalid? He may die for want of aid and food to-night! The idea was insupportable; therefore, as my mother's indisposition made it not remarkable that I should order my carriage early, I went away."

"And drove immediately hither, I suppose?"

"Drove hither! Do you think I would have my chariot be seen at the door of a hovel? or that I would insult the poor by marking so pointedly the difference of our situations?"

"Forgive me—I forgot myself."

"No; I came hither on foot, and desired a surgeon to be sent for. He came and informed me

that the poor man was sinking for want of good and sufficient food. O, how this relieved my mind! for the remedy could be procured immediately."

"And I dare say you sat up here all night?"

"No, not all the night; but I rose early, and came hither to see that medicine and food were properly given; and I suspect that you came hither for the same purpose."

"I did—but I was not considerate enough to come hither last night; and believe me," cried he respectfully kissing her hand, "I am not sorry to feel myself your inferior."

"I see no merit in what I have done," said Editha. "All that one can do is little enough to"—

Here Dunbar started, and interrupting her said very gravely, "all that one can do is little enough sometimes to atone for sins of omission and commission. How many virtues that we now admire, would prove, could we read the hearts of the performers of them, only expiatory and atoning acts for some secret and monstrous crime!"

"My good friend," replied Editha, smiling as Dunbar fixed his eyes on her face, "it is to be hoped that your and my good actions are neither expiatory, nor performed as atonements; I trust we are both too innocent for that; at least I assure you my sins are those of omission, not commission."

As she said this, Dunbar gazed earnestly at her; and her countenance seemed so radiant with the cheerfulness of a mind at peace with itself, that he resolved, in spite of what he had seen, to believe her wholly innocent; and grasping her hand, he exclaimed, "I believe you, upon my soul—I believe you are an angel of purity!" Then folding his arms, and gazing on her while she nursed one of the children and kept the other quiet by alternate amusement and caresses, he thought of his seat in the highlands, of the cottages on his estates, and what a blessing he should bestow on his cottagers and dependants could he give them Editha for their lady!

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

AURORA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

AURORA complained among the Gods, that she, who was praised so much by men, was loved and sought after so little by them; but the least by those who sung and praised her the most. "Grieve not over thy destiny," said the Goddess of wisdom, "is it otherwise with me?"

"And then," continued she, "look upon those, who neglect you, and for what a rival they exchange you. Look upon them, when you pass by, as they lie in the arms of sleep—intoxication and moulder in body and soul."

Yes, have you not friends, have you not admirers enough? The whole creation does honor to you: all the flowers awake and attire themselves with your purple splendor in new bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcome you; and every one thinks of new ways to please your fleeting presence. The industrious husbandman, the diligent wise men, never neglect you: they drink out of the cup which you proffer to them, health and strength, rest and life; doubly pleased, that they can enjoy you undisturbed, uninterrupted by that prattling race of sleeping fools. Do you consider it no happiness, to be loved and enjoyed without profanation? It is the highest happiness of love with Gods and men."

Aurora blushed over her thoughtless complaint; and may every fair one wish for herself her fortune, who is like her in purity and innocence.

Middlefield, N. Y. 1846.

Stow.

MISCELLANY.

DON'T YOU DO IT.

WHEN a petulant individual politely observes to you, "you had better eat me up, hadn't you?" don't you do it.

When a clique of warm friends want you to start a paper to forward a particular set of views, and promise you a large quantity of fortune and fame to be gained in the undertaking—don't you do it.

When you have any business to transact with a modern financier, and he asks you to go and dine with him—don't you do it.

Should you happen to catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the compositors tell you to whistle louder—don't you do it.

If on an odd occasion your wife should exclaim to you, "now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, do!"—don't you do it.

When a horse kicks you, and you feel a strong disposition to kick the horse in return—don't you do it.

When you are shinning very expeditiously round town, in search of somebody with something over, who can assist you with a loan, and you are suddenly anticipated by somebody who wants to borrow from you—don't you do it.

When you are offered a great bargain, the value of which you know nothing about, but which you are to get at half price, "being as it's yours,"—don't you do it.

When a messenger from your next door neighbor comes, requesting the loan of your morning paper, just as you have set down to read it—do it by all means—always lend your newspaper.

When a young lady catches you alone, and lays violent eyes upon you expressing "pop" in every glance—don't you do it.

If our collector should chance to call upon you, requesting the payment of a little advertising bill, or asking half a dozen of your friend's names as subscribers—do it—do it!

A SICILIAN ANECDOTE.

HISTORY OF THE SIGNORA CROZZA DI MORTO.*

A WHIMSICAL and singular circumstance happened in Palermo, casting in the shade the budget, the aristocracy, and the press. For a se'n-night, the people spoke about the Signora Crozza di Morto. She is a lady twenty years of age, her person beautiful and well made, her complexion white as snow and her voice as soft as the syren's. She has genius and accomplishment. She plays on the piano forte like the celebrated de Meyer, sings like Miss Deley, and dances like Mademoiselle Augusta. Her rent roll is \$200,000 per year, and a good heart. But by an ill chance, it was related, twenty years since her mother saw the phantasmagora, and was strongly struck by the appearance of an horrible spectre, and after eight months delivered of a girl, who would have been beautiful as an angel, if she had not been born with a skeleton hands and a face like a skull. This amiable lady is marriageable, and several gentlemen of small fortune have tried their fortunes for her; but they have been subjected to a trial. The Venus with

*Crozza di Morto signifies a skull.

her face like a skull, receives at home all her lovers; her face is covered with a mask and veil; she sings dances, enchants, transports, and when her ecstasy is at its height, she lays aside her gloves and shows a scarified hand. Some fashionable lovers courageously suffered this horrible spectacle without fear; but that charming and beautiful woman, in taking off her mask, has repulsed every one. Several soldiers, who dared death a hundred times, have retreated after knowing her the first time; some intrepid men can resist no less, in spite of the three hundred thousand dollars of her income; and even that corpse has been free for some time.

At last, the lady met a noble lover of her heart, who declared his passion to her. The spinster showed to him the several obstacles, saying that certainly he would be frightened at her face, the sight of which he could not survive. But he answered that he loved her heart, and not her shape. In a word, this handsome lady consented to the bridal, but with the condition that she should show her face when he became her husband. So that all was arranged, the marriage contract subscribed, and to the husband is ensured one hundred thousand dollars per year, notwithstanding his wish to the contrary. Whenever you, said the young lady, will no longer have the courage to suffer me to be your wife, I shall have in dying a comfort in having made happy with riches the man I love, and yet he will shed some tears to my memory. The nuptial day arrived. The parties came back from the church. The husband kneels before his wife, and she puts her hand upon the fatal mask. What a moment for the trembling husband! but his heart pants no more; he becomes pale; the mask falls; the husband looks and sees an angelic face smiling upon him: "My dear," said the beautiful and charming wife, embracing her stupefied husband, "my feigned ugliness did not seem to thee dreadful—thou considerest only my heart, and thou art loved by beauty."

This entertaining history of the Signora Crozza di Morto now has moved the genius of all the great Sicilian authors; it is also an argument for the celebrated poets of the large Italian theatre.

* She covered her face with two masks, whereof the former represented the skull.

IT IS EASY TO SPOIL A SON.

THERE are very few that can bear the hand of indulgence without injury. In our country, in most instances, those who are to be great or useful, must make themselves so, by their own exertions, and often by very vigorous effort. Nine cases out of ten, the young fellow who feels that he is provided for—that his "father is rich"—will relax his exertions, and become a poor fool, whatever may be his occupation.

There is nothing so destructive to the morals, and we may add, to the peace of any community, as the neglect of parents, rich or poor, to teach their sons the importance of being engaged in some active employment. Too many of the citizens of every place, under the influence of false pride, suffer their sons, after quitting their schools, to lounge about the public offices and taverns of their place of residence rather than cause them to engage in some important branches of the mechanic arts, or force them by dint of their own industry and energies, to seek their fortune in other pursuits. Nothing is more detestable, in our eye, than to see a healthy, good-looking youth, breaking loose from the restraints of honorable industry, returning to

his father's domicile for support, and loafing it about, rather than pursuing some occupation which will not only support himself, but give gratification to his worthy parents.

We would say to every father who has such a son, be he rich or poor—rather drive him to "cut his cord of wood a day," than suffer him to spend his time in idleness. "An idle head is the devil's workshop," and we may add, that the hands are the implements he employs to execute his dark designs.

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration.—The next day the author called and asked his opinion of it. "Why sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss on account of my poverty whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue—at night, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which with a mug of water I supped heartily, and then wrapped myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning; when another loaf and mug of water afforded me a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortable in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion for a more luxurious living?"

One cannot read this anecdote of our American sage without thinking of Socrates, reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts—"Meal, please your majesty, is half a penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing."

A GENUINE COMPLIMENT.

It is said that a lady of extraordinary beauty, confessed that the only real compliment she ever received was from a coal heaver, who asked permission to light his pipe by her eyes. We have lately met with another compliment paid by a sailor, who was directed by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor having performed his errand, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the countenance of the lady, for she was "beautiful exceedingly." "Well, my honest man," she said, "for what do you wait? there is no answer expected." "Lady," said the sailor, "I would like to know your name." "And why?" she replied, "why should you seek to know my name?" "Because," said he "I would call upon it in a storm and save some ships from sinking."—*Evening Mirror.*

THREE MODES OF LIVING.—He who lives within his means, is daily growing rich; he who lives beyond his means, is constantly running down the hill to poverty; and he who lives without means, is a robber of others earnings.

"PETE, I wants to ax you a circumstance.—Why is a nigger's head like a United States Omnibus? Does you give him up? Cause dey carry passengers outside." "Nigger, dis will 'mortalize you."

THERE are only three ways to get out of a scrape—write out, talk out, and back out—but the best way is to keep out,

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1846.

NEW-YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

This Magazine of Literature and Art, edited by Lawrence Labree, and published by William Taylor, No. 2 Astor House, New-York, has truly a splendid appearance; it commences with four beautiful engravings on steel, besides several very fine illustrations on wood, by some of the best Artists in the country. It is intended to make the work a very elegant parlor companion; its moral tone will be unexceptionable, while it will be the aim of the publishers to make its pages entertaining and instructive. It will embody Tales, Poetry, Romance, Historical and Traditional Sketches of all countries. It will be found the welcome guest of a leisure hour, drawing the mind from the anxiety of business, to the study of humanity—lifting thought and the hearts from the smileless valley of care. This Magazine contains sixty-four pages, which is twice the quantity of matter and twice the number of Engravings given by the other Magazines. By the Mr. Editor please send us the three first Numbers, as we wish to reserve them for binding.—Terms \$3.00 per annum, in advance.

THE GAVEL.

We have received the January No. of the Gavel, a monthly Periodical, published at Albany, devoted to Odd Fellowship, and Literature, at the low price of one dollar per annum in advance. We have been much gratified with a perusal of the number before us, and are pleased to learn that the work is well supported. It is in our opinion, worthy of the support of those connected with the order, as well as those that are not, who desire to subscribe for a cheap Literary and useful publication.—JOHN TANNER Publisher, 58 State street, Albany.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. H. Plainfield, Mich. \$1.00; J. S. C. China, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. E. R. Littleton, N. H. \$1.00; Mrs. S. C. Lyons, Mich. \$1.00; Miss C. K. Cooperstown, N. Y. \$1.00; O. S. Gilson, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. T. Horicon, N. Y. \$3.00; A. M. Chesterfield Mill Creek, Ia. \$1.00; S. S. Warren, N. Y. \$1.00; M. St. J. Elsworth, Ct. \$1.00; H. C. Plainfield, N. J. \$6.00; W. P. S. Siloam, N. Y. \$2.00; R. W. East Pembroke, \$2.00.

BOUND

In Hymen's silken bands.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. Lambert Claw, to Miss Betsy Jane Wilbur, both of Stuyvesant.

In Stockport, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. H. Townsend, Mr. Reuben Lamberton, of Hunter, Green Co. to Miss Maria Van Hoesen, of the former place.

In Stuyvesant, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. J. N. Shaffer, Mr. Peter Eaton, to Miss Charissa C. Miller, both of Stuyvesant.

At Stuyvesant Falls, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. J. N. Shaffer, Martin C. Van Alstyne, Esq. of Stockport, to Miss Jane Van Hoesen, daughter of Wm. Van Hoesen.

At Woodville, Miss, on Christmas eve, by the Hon. Stanhope Posey, Thomas C. Mercer, M. D. to Miss Catherine L. Orvis, daughter of the late Elisha Orvis, of Troy.

At Troy on the 12th Dec. by the Rev. John Moore, Mr. George Grant, formerly of Hudson, to Miss Harriet E. Downing.

At Stockport, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Alden Seovel, Mr. Joseph Andrews, of Valatie, to Miss Margaret Jane, daughter of William Welch, Esq. of Columbiaville.

LOOSED

From the fetters of Earth.

In this city, on the 25th inst. after a lingering and intensely painful illness Caroline E. only daughter of Alexander N. and C. E. Webb, aged 3 years.

Calm and cold is the lone dwelling place,

Where serenely she sleeps in the tomb;

Tran away from her Parents' embrace,

They weep in their sadness and gloom.

They've surrendered their beautiful trust,

A dear gift that a kind Father gave,

Though the lovely is laid in the dust,

Her spirit went not to the grave.

Not a tear shall e'er dim her bright eye,

Nor pain shall she evermore know,

For she dwells in the mansions on high,

Afar from this dark world of woe.

Stricken Parents! O, cease ye to weep—

To Jesus the loved one is given,

And for you the dear treasure he'll keep,

Until you shall meet her in heaven.—Com.

On the 25th inst. infant daughter of Simeon L. and Phebe Ann Coffin.

On the 11th inst. Charity Doolittle in her 45th year.

On the 14th inst. William E. Kenney, in his 38th year.

On the 17th inst. Joseph Carvun, in his 31st year.

In Detroit, Mich. Nov. 20, 1845, Thomas G. Moores, son of the late Reuben Moores, Esq. of this city, in the 46th year of his age.

At Chatham Centre, on the 5th inst. of inflammation of the lungs, Elsie Marin, only daughter of James G. and Eveline Van Vuklenburgh, aged 1 year, 6 months and 2 days.

Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THOUGHTS

Suggested on seeing a Daguerrotype Portrait, taken by W. H. Spencer, of this city.

WHEN those endeared to us, around whom the chords of affection have been fondly entwined, are separated from us by absence or death, nothing can soothe the kind recollection of them and calm the mind with their sweet remembrance, so well as a correct likeness.

Or what they are, of what they once have been,
'Tis not alone the poetry of form—
The melody of aspect—the fine hue
Of lips, half blushing, odorous and warm—
Of eyes like heaven's own paradise of blue;
Nor all the graces, that encharm the view,
And render beauty still more beautiful;
But the resemblances that can renew
Past youth, past hopes, past loves, no shade may dull
Affection, years may dim—but never quite annul.
Wresting from death and darkness undecayed,
The kindred lineaments we honored here;
The breast on which our infant brow had laid,
The lips that kissed our first brief tear—
The all we lost ere yet the funeral bier
Conveyed to our young minds, how great a blow,
Laid desolate the homes we loved so dear;
Then ah! forever sacred be the art
Which gives us all the grave can leave behind.
I gazed upon this portrait till my heart
Remembers every touch and every line;
And almost do I deem the gift divine,
Direct from heaven and not from human skill,
Instinct with love, those gentle features shine,
The eyes some new expression seem to fill—
Alas! I know thee dead, but wish thee living still. M.
Hudson, N. Y. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

DEATH OF NATHAN HALE.

THE deed was done—ere the morning sun
Beheld the mournful scene,
For it might not be, that his light should see,
The dark deeds of those men.
No hope might come 'mid the forest's gloom,
For the prisoner must die,
Without a prayer to cheer him there,
For his crime was—Liberty!
'Neath the old grey oak the captive spoke,
As he gazed on his grave below,
"The time will come though 'tis hid in gloom,
When Britain in dust shall bow,
I give to Death my last faint breath,
Without a fear or sigh,
This mournful tree has no terror for me,
For I die for Liberty!
"I forgive you here, though I may not hear
A prayer by your chaplain given,
From this gloomy sight, the soul to light,
In its pathway up to heaven.
The Bible too, its joys to know,
I'm forbidden in death to see,
But I depart with a joyful heart,
For I die for Liberty!
"Soon England's might shall sink in night,
And her Lion's eye be dim,
His strength is gone, for Freedom's won
The victory over him.
Your feeble chain will bind in vain,
For Columbia shall be free,
And our Eagle's eye, shall Britain fly,
In the strife for Liberty!
"To our foes afar, fair Freedom's star,
Shall our soldiers never yield,
And their watchword be when their foes men flee,
'God be the patriot's shield!'
With joy I'd die a thousand deaths,
This pleasant land to free—

Soon your Lion's roar shall be heard no more
In this land of Liberty!"

He hangs in air, that form so fair
His spirit now has fled,
And his manly form in life's fair bloom
Is numbered with the dead.

He gave his life in that bloody strife,
Fair Liberty for thee,
But his country yet, shall ne'er forget
His last sigh—Liberty!

On the battle plain was our freedom gained,
And the Lion before us cringed,
As the name of Hale rose on the gale—
He has not died unavenged!
And the Briton's scorn on that gloomy morn,
Soon changed to humility,
The task is done the victory won,
For our happy land is free.

Let your children then know the deeds again,
And how great a price was paid,
Let it ne'er be lost—how much freedom cost,
Ere the foes of Liberty fled.
And let them know of the brave men too,
Who died for America,
Who offered up so cheerfully,
Their lives for Liberty.

C. F. A.

Bethlehem, Ct. 1846.

SONG.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

CALL me pet names, darling! call me thy bird
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word,
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight,
And tenderly sings there in loving delight,
My sad heart keeps pining for one fond word,
Call me pet names, dearest! call me thy bird.

Call me sweet names, darling! call me a flower
That lives in the light of thy smile each hour,
That droops when its heaven—thy heart grows cold,
That shrinks from the wicked, the false and the bold,
That blooms for thee only through sunshine and shower,
Call me pet names, darling! call me thy flower.

Call me fond names, dearest! call me a star
Whose smiles beaming welcome thou feepest from afar,
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee
Where the night time of sorrow steals over life's sea,
Oh! trust thy rich bark where its warm rays are,
Call me pet names, dearest! call me thy star.

Call me dear names, darling! call me thine own
Speak to me always in love's low tone,
Let not thy looks nor thy voice grow cold,
Let thy fond worship, thy being unfold
Love me forever—love me alone,
Call me pet names, dearest! call me thine own.

TO MY WIFE.

PILLOW thy head upon this heart,
My own my cherished wife;
And let us for one hour forget
The dreary path of life.
Then let me kiss thy tears away,
And bid remembrance flee
Back to the halcyon days of youth,
When all was hope and glee.
Fair was the early promise, love,
Of our joy freighted barque;
Sunlit and lustrous, too, the skies
Now all so dim and dark;
Over a stormy sea, dear wife,
We drove with shattered sail,
But love sits smiling at the helm,
And mocks the threatening gale.
Come, let me part those clustering curls,
And gaze upon thy brow—
How many, many memories
Sweep o'er my spirit now!
How much of happiness and grief—
How much of hope and fear—
Breathe from each dear-loved lineament,
Most eloquently dear.
Thou gentle one, few joys remain
To cheer our lonely lot;

The storm has left our paradise
With but one sunny spot;
Hallowed forever will be that place
To hearts like thine and mine—
'Tis where our childish hands upreared
Affection's earliest shrine.

Then nestle closer to this breast,
My fond and faithful dove!
Where, if not here, should be the ark
Of refuge for thy love?
The poor man's blessing and his curse
Pertain alike to me;
For, shorn of worldly wealth, dear wife,
Am I not rich in thee?

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